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Reading Lessons for the Primary Grades

Science Series No. 5

Flora J. Cooke

Soil Game

Directions for Game

When you guess what the soil is, do not tell its name. Pass to the blackboard and write how you think it was made.

I

It came from the lakeshore.
It is white and brown.
It sparkles in the sunshine.
It can scratch glass.
It is used in making glass.
It is used in making plaster.
It is sometimes used in measuring time.
Ants build homes in it.
Cactus plants grow best in it.

II

It came from the swamp or woods.
It is black, light, and fine.
It has decayed wood and leaves in it.
It will hold more water than other soils.
It will hold water longer than other soils.
Earthworms like to live in it.
Garden plants and trees need some of it.

III

It is bluish gray, or yellow, or red.
Water can scarcely get through it.
It makes fine dust when it dries.
People make dishes and pottery of it.
They make bricks and houses of it.
There are many kinds of this soil.
Each kind has a special use.

Birds

Science Series No. 6

I

The first week in April a little boy said, "I saw a bluebird to-day."
"Oh, tell us about it!" we said.
He told us it was like the bluebird in the museum.
Its head, back, tail, and wings were blue.
Its breast was brownish red.
It was about seven inches long.
After that we watched for the bluebirds.
A great many came in April.
All the parts of the bluebird nearest the sky are blue.
The parts nearest the earth are brown.
Max said, "The bluebird makes me think of the lake."
"It is all blue on top, and all brown underneath like the sand."

II

We saw a scarlet tanager in the park one day.
His wings and tail were black.
His head, back, and breast were bright scarlet.
The scarlet tanager's mate is much smaller than he is.
She is a light brownish green.

You cannot see her among the leaves.
Often the father tanager sits on a twig above the nest and sings.
I suppose he is telling stories to his family.
If he sees any one coming toward the nest he flies away.
He goes to another tree not far away.
But the mother tanager sits still on the nest.
No one can see her. She is safe.
All the little tanagers look like their mother until they are old
enough to care for themselves.

III

Did you ever see a robin hunt for worms?
How fast he runs! How wise he looks!
He goes from one hole to another.
Soon he finds a worm at home.
Then how he does pull! The worm pulls, too.
But the robin is stronger than the worm.
One day we saw a robin with a big worm.
He put it down on the ground.
He did not seem to be hungry.
We thought perhaps he pulled the worm out just for fun.
But soon he flew away with it.
Where do you suppose he went?
We know; we found out his secret.
He went to two other trees, then he went to his nest.
He still had the worm in his bill.
Perhaps he was hungry.
Maybe he thought how good it was, when he put it down on the
ground.
Maybe he loved his little ones too much to eat it.
Any way, he carried it to his nest.
You should have heard the little ones chirp.

Four Riddles

Literature Series No. 8

I

We came early in the springtime.
Children love us very much.
There are many, many of us.
We are happy in the sunshine.
We are happy in the shade.
We look like gold in the grass.
After a while we look like silver.
We are short when we are young.
We grow tall as we grow older.
Once I wore a yellow dress.
Now my children dress in laces.
Soon the wind will take my children.
Then I shall be bald and lonely.

II

Crawling, spinning, shelter winning
From the storms of winter gray,
Leaves are falling, north winds calling,
Wait thy Easter day.

Out in the sunshine, free as air,
Flying with wings so new and fair,
High in the sunlight, low midst the flowers,
Sipping the sweets through bright summer hours.

Song Stories for Kindergarten, Patty and Mary Hill.

III

So trim and slim and gracefully thin,
With little fur leggins as tight as the skin,
With little gray mittens just to his mind,
And a little gray tail hanging down behind.

So trim and slim and gracefully thin,
With a little fur vest buttoned under his chin;
With a little fur coat nicely trimmed and lined,
And a nice little tail hanging down behind.

There's a rap and a tap, a scuffle and din,
There's a rap and a tap, but he can't get in,
Tho' he raps and taps and begs on his knees
For a crumb of cake or morsel of cheese.

For a crumb of bread, if ever so small,
For his three wee babies behind the wall,
In three gray coats, nicely trimmed and lined,
And three little tails hanging down behind.

IV

There's a queer little house—
And it sits in the sun;
When the good mother calls
The children all run;
While under her roof it is cozy and warm,
Tho' the cold winds may whistle
And bluster and storm.

In the daytime that queer
Little house moves away;
And the children run after
So happy and gay.

But it comes back at night,
And the children are fed
And tucked up to sleep
In their warm, cozy bed.

This queer little house
Has no windows or doors;
The roof has no chimneys,
The rooms have no floors;
No fireplaces, chimneys,
Nor stoves can you see,
Yet the children are cozy
And warm as can be.

The story of this
Little house is quite true;
I have seen it myself,
And I'm sure you have, too;
You can see it to-day
If you watch the old hen
As her downy wings cover
Her chickens again.